

11630. e. 11
11

ODE UPON ODE;
OR
A PEEP AT ST. JAMES'S;
OR
NEW-YEAR'S DAY;
OR
WHAT YOU WILL.

By PETER PINDAR, Esq. *K*

Quo me cunque rapit Tempestas, deferor Hospes.

HORACE

Just as the Maggot bites, I take my way—
To Painters now my court respectful pay;
Now (ever welcome!), on the Muse's Wings,
Drop in at *Windsor*, on the best of KINGS;
Now, at *St. James's*, about HANDEL prate,
Hear Odes, see Lords and 'Squires, and smile at State.

SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, No. 46, *Fleet-Street*; and W. FORSTER,
No. 348, near *Exeter-change*, in the Strand.

1787.

[Entered at Stationers-Hall.]

[Price Three Shillings.]

ODE UPON ODE

OR

A PEEP AT ST. JAMES'S

OR

NEWCASTLE, &c.

OR

WHAT YOU WILL

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

THE NEWCASTLE SOCIETY, &c.

Just as the Morning Star, I take my way—

To Britain, now my coat of arms I pay—

Now (ever welcome) on the British Wings

Drop in at Windsor, on the Hill of Kings

Now, at the Tower, upon the London Walls

Here Ode, & London, & London, &c.

SECOND EDITION



Printed for G. Kearsley, at the Strand, No. 222.

[Faint text at the bottom of the page, possibly a dedication or printer's mark.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

READER,

I Think it necessary to inform thee, if thou hast not read Mr. WARTON's Ode, that I mean not to say that he hath, *totidem verbis*, sung what I have asserted of him ; I therefore beg that my Ode may be considered as an Amplification of the ingenious LAUREAT's Idea.

ADVERTISEMENT.

READER,

I Think it necessary to inform
thee, if thou hast not read Mr. Warton's Ode,
that I mean not to say that he hath written
words, sung what I have affected of him; I
therefore beg that my Ode may be considered
as an Amplification of the ingenious LARIBAT's
Idea.

P R O O E M I U M.

KNOW, Reader, that the **LAUREAT's** Post sublim:
Is destin'd to record, in handsome Rhyme,
The Deeds of British Monarchs, twice a year:
If *great*—how happy is the tuneful Tongue!
If *pitiful*—(as Shakespeare says) the Song
"Must fuckle Fools, and chronicle Small Beer."
But Bards must take the *uphill* with the *down*:
Kings cannot always Oracles be hatching:
Maggots are oft the Tenants of a Crown—
Therefore, like those in Cheese, not worth the catching.

B

O gentle

O gentle Reader ! if, by God's good Grace,
 Or (what's more sought) good Interest at Court,
 Thou get'st, of Lyric Trumpeter, the Place,
 And hundreds are, like Gudgeons, gaping for't ;
 Hear ! (at a Palace if thou mean'st to thrive)
 And of a staunch old Coachman learn to drive..

Whene'er employ'd to celebrate a King,
 Let Fancy lend thy Muse her loftiest wing—
 Stun with thy Minstrelsy the frightned Sphere ;
 Bid thy Voice thunder like a hundred Batteries ;
 For common Sounds, conveying common Flatteries,
 Are Zephyrs whisp'ring to the Royal Ear..

Know—Glutton-like, on Praise each Monarch crams :
 Hot Spices suit alone their pamper'd Nature :
 Alas ! the Stomach, parch'd by burning Drams,
 With mad-dog Terror starts at simple Water.

Fierce

Fierce is each royal *Mania* for Applause;
 And, as a Horse-pond wide, are Monarch Maws,—
 Form'd therefore on a pretty ample scale :
 To sound the *decent* Panegyric Note,
 To pour the *modest* Flatt'ries down their throat,
 Were offering Shrimps for dinner to a Whale;

And mind, whene'er thou strik'st the Lyre to Kings,
 To touch to Abigails of Courts, the Strings;—
 Give the Queen's Toad-eater a handsome Sop,
 And swear she always has more Grace
 Than ev'n to sell the *meanest* Place—
 Swear too, the Woman keeps no Title - Shop;
 Sells not, like Jews in Paul's Church-Yard, their Ware,
 Who on each Passenger for Custom stare;
 And, in the happy Tones of Traffick, cry,
 “ *Sber! vat you buy, Sher?—Madam! vat you buy?* ”

Thus,

Thus, Reader, ends the Prologue to my Ode !

The true-bred Courtiers wonder whilst I preach,—

And, with grave Vizards, and stretch'd Eyes to God,

Pronounce my Sermon a most impious Speech.

With all my Spirit—let them damn my Lays—

A Courtier's Curses are exalted Praise.

I HEAR a startled Moralist exclaim,

“ Fie, PETER, PETER ! fie for shame !

“ Such Counsel disagrees with my Digestion.”

Well ! well then, my Old SOCRATES, to please thee,

For much I'm willing of thy Qualms to ease thee,

I'll nobly take the other side the Question.

Par

Par Exemple:

Fair Praise is sterling Gold—all should desire it—

Flatt'ry, base Coin—a Cheat upon the Nation :

And yet, our Vanity doth much admire it,

And really gives it all its Circulation.

Flatt'ry's a fly insinuating Screw—

The World—a Bottle of Tokay so fine—

The Engine always can its Cork subdue,

And make an easy Pris'ner of the Wine.

[*]

Flatt'ry's an Ivy wriggling round an Oak—

This Oak is often honest blunt JOHN BULL—

Which Ivy would its great Supporter choak,

Whilst JOHN (so thick the Walls of his dark Scull)

Deems it a pretty Ornament, and struts—

Till MASTER IVY creeps into JOHN's Guts ;

And gives poor thoughtless JOHN a fet of Gripes :

Then, like an Organ, opening all his Pipes,

JOHN roars ; and, when to a Consumption drain'd,

Finds out the Knave, his Folly entertain'd.

Praise is a modest unassuming Maid,

As simply as a Quaker-Beauty drest :—

No Ostentation hers—no vain Parade :

Sweet Nymph ! and of the fewest Words posselt ;

Yet, heard with rev'rence when the silence breaks,

She dignifies the Man to whom she speaks.

FLATT'RY'S

FLATT'RY's a pert French Millener—a Jade
 Cover'd with *rouge*, and flauntingly array'd—
 Makes faucy Love to ev'ry Man she meets,
 And offers ev'n her Favours in the Streets.

And yet, instead of meeting public Hisses—
 Divines so grave—Philosophers can bear her;
 What's stranger still, with childish Rapture hear her---
 Nay, court the smiling Harlot's *very Kisses*.

That is a very common thing to do
Conceding with the fact that the
Matter is not to be taken into the
And where it is not taken into the
And yet, instead of making a
Divine to give—Theology can be
What's the matter with the world?
That, count the things that are

D. E.

O D E.

RICH as Dutch Cargoes from the fragrant East,
 Or Custard-Pudding at a City Feast,
 TOM's Incense greets his Sovereign's hungry Nose :
 For, bating Birth-day Torrents from Parnassus,
 And New-year's Spring-tide of divine Molasses,
 Fame in a scanty Rill to Windsor flows !

 Poets (quoth tuneful Tom), in ancient times,
 Delighted all the Country with their Rhymes ;—
 Sung Knights and Barbed Steeds with Valour big :—
 Knights who encounter'd Witches—murder'd Wizards,
 Flogg'd Pagans till they grumbled in their gizzards :
 Rogues ! with no more Religion than a Pig :

D

---Knights

—Knights who illumin'd unbelieving Souls
 Through pretty little well-form'd Eyelet-holes,
 By pious Pikes, and godly Lances made—
 Tools! that work'd Wonders in the holy Trade;

With Battle-Axes fit to knock down Bulls,

And therefore qualified (I wot) full well,

With force, the Sacred Oracles to tell

Unto the thickest unbelieving Sculls:

—Knights, who, so famous at the Game of Tourney,

Took boldly to the Holy - Land a Journey,

To plant, with Swords, in Hearts, the Gospel-Seeds;

Just as we hole for Cucumbers, Hot - Beds,

Or pierce the Bosom of the fullen Earth,

To give to Radishes or Onions Birth:

—Knights,

—Knights, who, when tumbled on the hostile Field,
 And to an Enemy oblig'd to yield,
 Could neither Leg, nor Arm, nor Neck, nor Nob, stir :
 Poor Devils ! who were like Alligators hack'd,
 At length by Hammers, Hatchets, Sledges, crack'd ;
 Dragg'd from their Coats of Armour—like a Lobster.

Great (says the Laureat) were the Poet's Puffings
 On idle daring Red-Cross Raggamuffins,
 Who for their Childishness deserv'd a Birch :

Quoth Tom, A worthier Subject now, thank God !
 Inspires the lofty Dealer in the Ode,
 Than Blockheads battling for Old Mother Church.

Times (quoth our courtly Bard) are alter'd quite—
 The Poet scorns what charm'd of yore the fight—
 Goths, Women, Vandals, Castles, Horses, Mares :—

The polish'd Poet of the present Day,
 Doth in his tasty Shop display,
 Ah ! vastly prettier-colour'd Wares.

—The

—The Poet “moulds his Harp to Manners mild,”—
 Quoth Tom—to Monarchs, who, with Rapture wild,
 Hear their own Praise with Mouths of gaping Wonder,
 And catch each Crotchet of the Birth-day Thunder :

Crotchets that scorn the Praise of *common* Folly—

Though not most *musical*—most *melancholy* :

Ah ! Crotchets doom'd to charm our Ears no more,

Although by Mr. PARSONS' fet in *score* ;

Drear and eternal Silence doom'd to keep,

Where the dark Waters of Oblivion sleep—

To speak in humbler English—doom'd to rest,

With Court Addresses, in a musty Chest.

Yet all the Lady *Amateurs* declar'd,

They were the *charming'st* Things they ever heard :

As for example—all the Angel GIDEONS—
 That is, my Lady, and her Daughters fair,
 With coal-black Eye-brows, and sweet Hebrew Air—
 The lovely Produce of the two Religions.

Thus, in their Virtues, Greyhounds best succeed,
 When Sportsmen very wisely cross the Breed :
 And thus, with nobler Lustre, shines the Fowl
 Begot between a Game-Hen and an Owl.

Sir SAMPSON too declar'd, with Voice divine,
*“ Dat shince he haf turn Chreeshtian, and eat Hog,
 He nebber did hear Moosbic half sho fine;
 No! nebber shince he lefs de Shinnygogue.”*

HIS GRACE OF QUEENSBURY too, with Eyes though dim,
 And one deaf Ear, was there in Wonder drown'd!
 Lift'ning, in Attitude of Corp'ral Trim,
 He rais'd his thin grey Curl to catch the Sound :

E

Then

Then swore the Airs would never meet their matches,
 But in his own immortal Glees and Catches.
 Yet were those Crotchets all condemn'd to rest
 In the dark bosom of a musty Chest!

Crotchets that form'd into so sweet an Air,
 As charm'd my LADY MAYORESS and LORD MAYOR;
 Who thought (and really they were true Believers)
 The Music equall'd Marrow-bones and Cleavers.

Strains! that the Reverend BISHOPS had no Qualms,
 In saying, that they equall'd David's Psalms;
 But not surpass'd in Melody the Bell,
 That mournful foundeth an ARCH-BISHOP's Knell:
 Strains! that Sir JOSEPH MAWBEY deem'd divine,
 Sweet as the Quavers of his fattest Swine.

Ev'n

Ev'n great *LORD BRUDENELL's self admir'd the Strain,
 In all the tuneful Agonies of Pain;
 Who, winking, beat with Duck-like Nods the Time,
 And call'd the Music and the Words sublime.

Too, all the other Lords, with Plaudits swarming,
 Cried *Bravo! Bravo!* charming! *Bravo!* charming!
 And Majesty itself, to Music bred,
 Pronounc'd it "very, very good indeed!"
 Indulging, p'rhaps, the *very* nat'ral Dream,
 That all its Charms were owing to the *Theme*.

Not but some small degree of harmless Pleasure
 Might in the Brace of R—y—l Bosoms rise,
 To think they heard it without Waste of Treasure:
 As Sixpences are lovely in their Eyes.

A few

* A prodigious *Amateur*—without his Lordship there can be no Rehearsal.

A few Months since, I heard a forward Dame,

Thus, in a Tone of Impudence, exclaim—

“ Good God ! how Kings and Queens a Song adore !

“ With what Delight they order an *encore* !

“ When that same Song, *encor’d*, for *nothing* flows !

“ This MADAM MARA to her Sorrow knows.”

“ To Windsor, several times, and eke to Kew.

“ The R—y—l Mandate MADAM MARA drew.

“ No cheering Drop was MARA ask’d to sip—

“ No Bread was offer’d to her quiv’ring Lip.

“ Though faint, she was not suffer’d to sit down—

“ Heav’n help the *Goodness*—*Grandeur* of the Cr—n !

“ Now tell me, Ladies, will it be believ’d,

“ How much for Song and Chaise-hire she receiv’d ?

“ —How

"How much pray, think ye?"—Fifty Guineas—"No."
 Most surely, Forty—"No, no."—Thirty—"Poh!"
 "Pray, Ladies, guess in Reason—come—again"—
 Alas! you jeer us—Twenty, at the least;
 No Man could ever be so great a B——st
 As not to give her Twenty for her Pain.—
 "To keep you then no longer in Suspense,
 "For MADAM MARA's Chaise-hire and sweet Note,
 "Out of their *wonderful* Benevolence,
 "Their bounteous M——ies gave—not a Groat!"
 "Ay!" cried a second Slanderer, with a Sneer,
 "I know a Story like it—You shall hear—
 "Poor MRS. SIDDONS, *she* was order'd out—
 "To wait upon their M—j—ies, to *spout*—
 "To read old Shakespear's *As you like it* to 'em;
 "And how to mind their Stops, and Commas, *shew* 'em.
 "She read, and spouted—almost lost her Breath—
 "And, standing all the time, was tir'd to Death;

" Whilst both their M—j—ies, in Royal Style,
 " At perfect Ease were fitting all the while.
 " Not offer'd to her was one Drop of Beer,
 " Nor Wine, nor Chocolate, her Heart to cheer.
 " Ready to drop to earth, she must have sunk,
 " But for a Child, that at the Hardship shrunk—
 " A little PRINCE, who mark'd her Situation,
 " Thus, pitying, pour'd a tender Exclamation :
 " La ! Mrs. SIDDONS is quite faint indeed.
 " How pale ! I'm sure she cannot longer read :
 " She somewhat wants, her Spirits to repair,
 " And would, I'm sure, be happy in a *Chair*."
 " What follow'd ?—Why, the R—y—l Pair arose,
 " Surly enough—one fairly may suppose ;
 " And to a Room adjoining made retreat,
 " To let her, for one Minute, *steal* a Seat."

" At

“ At length the Actress ceas’d to read and spout:

“ Where Generosity’s a crying Sin :

“ Her Curt’fy dropp’d—was nodded to—came out—

“ So rich !—How rich ?—As rich as she *went in*.”

Such are the Stories twain—Why, grant the Fact,

Are PRINCES, pray, like *common Folks* to act ?

Should MARA call it *Cruelty*, and blame:

Such R—y—l Conduct, I’d cry, Fie upon her !

To Mrs. SIDDONS, freely lay the same—

Sufficient for *such People* is the *Honour* !

Ev’n I, the BARD, expect no Gifts from KINGS,

Although I’ve said of them such *handsome Things*—

Nay, not their Eye’s Attention, whose bright Ray

Would, like the SUN, illumine my poor Lay,

And,

And, like the Sun, so kind to Procreation,
 Increase within my Brain the Maggot Nation.
 So much for idle Tales.—Now, MUSE, thy Strain
 Digressive, turn to Drawing-Rooms again.

There too was PITT, who scrap'd and bow'd to ground,
 And whisper'd Majesty, 'twas vastly fine ;—
 Then wish'd such Harmony could once be found
 Where *he*, each Day, was treated like a Swine
 By that Arch-fiend CHARLES Fox, and his vile Party—
 Villains! in nought but black Rebellion hearty ;

Fellows! who had the Impudence to place
 The *sacred Sceptre* underneath the *Mace*,
 And twisted Ropes, with Malice disappointed,
 To hang or hamper the poor LORD'S AN——ED.

To

To whom, a certain SAGE so earnest cried,

“ Don’t mind—don’t mind—the Rogues their Aim
have miss’d—

“ Don’t fear your Place, whilst I am well supply’d—

“ But mind the Poverty of Civil Life.”

“ Swear that no K——’s so poor upon the Globe;

“ Compare me—yes compare me, to poor JOB.

“ The House will credit thee—I know the Ninnies;

“ And Wife and I are fond of Bags of Guineas.

“ What? what, PITT—hæ? We must have t’other Grant.

“ What, what? You know that B—, my old dead AUNT,

“ Left not a Sixpence, PITT, these Eyes to bless,

“ But from the Parish sav’d that F—I at *H-ff*.

G

But

“ But mind me—hæ! to plague her Heart when dying,

“ I was a constant Hunter—NIMROD still ;

“ And when in State as dead’s a Mack’rel lying,

“ I car’d not—for I knew the WOMAN’s *Will*.

“ And three Days after she was dead,

“ Which some Folks thought prodigioufly profane,

“ I took it—yes—I took it in my Head,

“ To order *Sir John Brute* at Drury Lcne.

“ Had she respected *me*, I do aver,

“ I should have stay’d at Home, and thought of *Her*.”

Lord ROCHFORD too, the gentle Youth, was there,

Whose sweet *falsetto* Voice is often sported

In Gleees and Catches; so that all who hear

Believe a pretty *Semi-vir* imported.

Yet

Yet was there *one* who much the Day decried—

Old LADY MARY DUNCAN (says Report).

“ What, no dear, dear *Castrato* here !” she sigh’d,

“ Why then—P—x take the Voices and the Court ;

“ Then Lord have Mercy on my tortur’d Ears,

“ And shield me from the Shouts of such HE-BEARS.”

“ Where, where is PACCHIEROTTI’S *heart-felt Strain* ?

“ Where RUBINELLI’S *sofienuto* Note ?

“ That tickled oft my sighing Soul to *Pain*,

“ That bade my Senses in Elysium float ?

“ Avaunt ! you vile black-bearded Rogues—avaunt !

“ ’Tis smother Chins, and sweeter Tones, *I want*.

My LORD OF EXETER was also there ;

Who, marv’ling, cock’d his Time-discerning Ear

To

To Strains that did such Honour to a Throne:—

There UXBRIDGE taught the Audience how to *think*;
 With much significant and knowing Wink,
 And Speeches clad in Wisdom's critic Tone;
 Who look'd Musicians *through* with half-shut Eyes;—
 Most solemn, most *chromatically* wise!

SANDWICH, the Glory of each jovial Meeting,
 This Fidler, now—now *that*, so kindly greeting,
 Appear'd, and shrewdly pour'd his *babs* and *bums*:
 Great in Tattoo, my Lord, and Cross-hand Roll;
 Great in the Dead-march-stroke sublime of SAUL;
 He beats Old *ASSBRIDGE on the Kettle-Drums.

What Pity! to our *military* Host,
 That such a charming Drummer should be lost!

And

* A Kettle-Drummer of great Celebrity.

And feel through Life his Glories overcast
 At that dull *Board, where, never could he learn,
 Of Ships, the diff'rence between *Stem* and *Stern*,
 Hen-coops and Boats, the Rudder and the Mast.

Say—midst the tuneful Tribe was EDMUND BURKE?
 No!—MUN was cutting out for HASTINGS, work;
 Writing to COUSIN WILL and Co. to league 'em
 Against that Rogue, who like a Russian rose,
 And tweak'd a Bulse of Jewels from the Nose
 Of Dames, in India, christen'd *Munny Begum*.

EDMUND! who formerly look'd fierce as Grimbold
 On that most horrid Imp SIR THOMAS RUMBOLD,

Wov'd
 H
 In Person, or by vile Satanic Orders:

* The Admiralty.

When

Vow'd, like a Sheep, to flea that Eastern Thief;—
 Till *strange good Fortune* open'd EDMUND's Eyes :
 Oh ! then he heard of INNOCENCE the Cries,
 And, like Jew-Converts, damn'd his Old Belief.

Yet, let *some* Praise for MUN's Conversion pass.

To that great Wonder-worker, SAINT DUNDAS.

EDMUND ! who battled hard for POWELL's Life,

And swore no Man, in Virtue, e'er went further :

To prove which Oath, this POWELL took a Knife,

And made the World believe it, by *Self-Murther*.

Reader—suppose I give thee a small Ode

Made when vile TIPPoo SAIB in Triumph rode,

And play'd the devil on our Indian Borders,

In Person, or by vile Satanic Orders :

When

When Mr. BURKE, so famous for fine Speeches,
 From *Trope* to *Trope*, a downright Rabbit, skipping,
 Meant, School-boy like, to take down HASTINGS' *Breeches*,
 And give the noble GOVERNOR a Whipping?

If rightly, Reader, I translate thy Phiz,
 Thou smil'st Consent.—I thank thee—Here it is:

But mark my Cleanliness ere I begin :
 Know, I've not caught the *Itch* of Party-Sin.
 To PITT, or FOX, I never did belong :
 TRUTH, TRUTH I seek—so help me GOD OF SONG !

P'rhaps, to a *Heathen Oath* thou may'st demur :
 Well then—Suspicion that I mayn't incur,

But,

But, like a *Christian* swear—I do not sham—

By all the Angels of yon lofty Sky,

Where burning Seraphims and Cherubs cry,

I'm of no Party—curse me if I am !

By all those Wonder-monger Saints and Martyrs

Cut for the Love of God in Halves and Quarters;

By each black Soul in Purgatory frying ;

By all those whiter Souls, though we can't see 'em,

Singing their *Ave-Mary* and *Te Deum*

On yon bright Clouds—I swear I am not lying.

No ! free as Air the MUSE shall spread her Wing,

Of *whom*, and *when*, and *what* she pleases, sing :

Though *Privy Councils, jealous of her Note,

Prescrib'd, of late, a Halter for her Throat.

Slave

* This is a Piece of secret History.

Let Folly spring—my Eagle, Falcon, Kite,
 Hawk—Satire—what you will—shall mark her Flight;
 Through Huts or Palaces ('tis just the same),
 With equal Rage, pursue the panting Game;
 And lay (by Princes, or by Peasants, bred)
 Low at the OWNER'S Feet, the Cuckow, dead.

O D E T O E D M U N D.

MUCH edified am I by EDMUND BURKE!
 Well-pleas'd I see his Patriot-Mouth at work,
 Grinding away for poor Old England's Good.
 He gives of Elocution, such a Feast!
 He tells of such vile Doings in the East!
 And fights, as 'twere for his own Flesh and Blood.

Shroff, Chout, Lack, Omra, Dustuck, Nabob, Bunder,
Crare, Choultry, Begum, leave his Lips in Thunder.

With matchless *Pathos*, MUN describes the Gag,
 Employ'd by that vile Son of HYDER NAIG,
 Nam'd TIPPoo.—Gags! that British Mouths detest;
 Occasion'd partly by that Man so sad,
 That HASTINGS!---oh! deserving all that's bad—
 That Villain, Murd'rer, Tyrant, Dog, Wild Beast!

Poor EDMUND sees poor Britain's setting Sun;
 Poor Edmund *groans*,---and Britain is *undone*!

Reader! thou hast, I do presume,
 (God knows though) been in a snug Room,

By

By Coals or Wood made comfortably warm ;

And often fancied that a Storm *without*

Hath made a diabolic Rout—

Sunk Ships—tore Trees up—done a world of Harm.

Yes ! thou hast lifted up thy tearful Eyes,

Fancying thou heardest of Mariners the Cries ;

And sigh'd, " How wretched now must thousands be !

" Oh ! how I pity the poor Souls at Sea ! "

When, lo ! this dreadful Tempest, and his Roar,

A Zephyr---in the Key-hole of the Door !

Now, may not EDMUND's Howlings be a Sigh

Pressing through EDMUND's Lungs for Loaves and Fishes,

On which he long hath look'd with *longing* Eye,

To fill poor EDMUND's not o'er-burthen'd Dishes ?

Give

Give MUN a Sop—forgot will be Complaint,
BRITAIN be safe, and HASTINGS prove a *Saint*.

Now for the Drawing-Room—O Muse so madding,
Delighted in Digression to be gadding.

HAMPDEN and FORTESCUE (brave Names!) attended—

The *last*, in Catches, wonderfully mended.

The lovely LADY CLARGES too was there,

To all the Graces as to Music born ;

Whose Note so sweetly melting sooths the Ear !

Soft as the Robin's to the Blush of Morn !

There too the rare *Viol-di-Gamba* PRATT,

Whose Fingers fair, the Strings so nicely pat,

And Bow, that brings out Sounds unknown at Babel—

Though not so sweet as those of Mr. ABEL.

Dear

Dear Maid ! the Daughter of that PRINCE of PRATTS,
 Who Music *cons*, as well as Law ; and swears
 The Girl shall *scrub* no Soul's but Handel's Airs,
 To whom he thinks our great Composers, Cats.

Id est, SACCHINI, HAYDN, BACH, and GLUCK,
 And Twenty more, who never had the Luck
 To please the nicer Ears of *some crown'd Folk* :
 Ears, that, like other People's, though they grow,
 Poor Creatures ! really want the Sense to know
 Psalm-Tunes, so mournful, from the Old Black Joke.

That musty Music-hunter too—*Mus. D.*
 Much-travell'd BURNEY, came to hear and see :
 He, in his Tour, who found such great Protectors—
 KINGS, QUEENS, DUKES, MARGRAVES, MARGRAVINES,
 ELECTORS,

K

Who

Who ask'd the Doctor many a gracious Question,
 And treated him with marv'lous Hospitality;
 Gueffing he had as clever a Digestion
 For Meat and Drink, as Music of rare Quality.—

Not with much Glee the Doctor heard the Ode,
 But turn'd his disappointed Eyes to God;
 And wish'd it his own Setting, with a Sigh:—
 For, ere to SALISBURY'S House the Doctor came—
 To get, as ODE-SETTER, enroll'd his Name—
 Behold! behold *the Wedding was gone by.*

Ah! how unlucky that the Prize was lost!
 PARSONS, who daring dash'd through thick and thin—
 ECLIPSE the second!—got like Lightning in,
 When BURNEY just had reach'd the *Distance Post.*

Yet,

Yet, gentle Muse, let Candour *this* allow,
 That, though his Heart was mortified enow,
 The Doctor did his Rival's Art admire,
 And own'd his *maiden* Crotchets full of Fire—
 Crotchets ! though sweet—alas ! condemn'd to lie
 Hid, like most Royal Virtues, from our Eye !

Crotchets, that songful Mr. PARSONS ties
 To Tom's big Phrase, to make sublimer Cries :
 Thrice happy Union to entrance the Soul !
 How like the Notes of Cats, a vocal Pair,
 By Boys (to catch their wild and mingled Air)
 Tied Tail to Tail, and thrown across a Pole !

But where was great SIR WATKYN all this time ?
 Why heard he not the Air and lofty Rhyme ?

The

The sleek Welsh Deity, who Music knows—
 The ALEXANDER of the *Tot'n'am Troops,
 Who, tutor'd by his Stampings, Nods, Grunts, Whoops,
 Do wondrous Execution with their Bows?

SIR WATKYN, deep in dismal Dudgeon gone,
 Far in his Cambrian †Villa sat alone :
 To ‡Mrs. WALSINGHAM he scrubb'd his Base,
 Whilst Anger swell'd the Volume of his Face,
 Flaming, like Suns of London in a Fog.
 Of Mrs. WALSINGHAM he sung with Ire ;
 His Eyes as red as Ferrets' Eyes, with Fire ;
 His mighty Soul for Vengeance all agog.

ACHILLES

* Sir Watkyn is a Member of the Ancient Music Concert in Tottenham-Street, and much attended to both for his Art and Science.

† Wynnestay.

‡ The Quarrel between the Knight and the Lady was a wonderful one—

Tantene animis caelestibus ira ?

ACHILLES thus, affronted to the Beard,
 His sledge-like Fist o'er AGAMEMNON rear'd,
 And down his Throat would fain his Words have ram'd
 Who, after Oaths (a pretty decent Volly),
 And rating the long Monarch for his Folly,
 Inform'd the King of Men he might be d—mn'd;
 Then to his Tent majestic strode to strum,
 And scrape his Anger out on Tweedle-dum.

“ He moulds his Harp (quoth Tom) to Manners mild; ”
 To Kings, for babe-like Manners, *simple* styl'd,
 And grac'd with Virtues that would fill a Tun :
 To *him* the Poet humbly makes a Leg,
 Who, Goose-like, brooding o'er the fav'rite Egg
 Of Genius, gives the Phoenix to the Sun :

To *him*, who for such Eggs is always watching,
 And never more delighted than when hatching;
 Which makes the number offer'd to the Sun
 So vast!—why, verily as thick as Peas,
 That People may collect, with equal Ease,
 A *thousand* noble Instances, as *one*.

What numbers Wisdom to his Care hath giv'n!
 All hatch'd—some living—others gone to Heav'n:
 Thus in the *Pinnick's Nest the Cuckow lays,
 Then, easy as a Frenchman, takes her flight:—
 Due Homage to the Eggs the Pinnick pays,
 And brings the little Lubbers into Light.

The

* A Bird so called in some Counties, that attends upon the Wise Bird,
 and feeds him.

The modern Poet sings, quoth Tom again,

Of M——chs, who, with economic Fury,

Force all the tuneful world to Tot'n'am Lane,

And lock up all the Doors of harmless *DRURY.

Say, why this Curse on DRURY's harmless Door,

That thus, in Anger, M——y should lock it?

MUSE, are the Tot'n'am-Street Subscribers poor?

Will Drury keep some Pence from Tot'n'am's Pocket?

Doth threat'ning Bankruptcy extend a Gloom

O'er the proud Walls of Tot'n'am's Regal Room?

Perchance

* The Oratorios were to have been performed at Drury Lane, this Year, under the Conduct of Mr. LINLEY and Dr. ARNOLD.—MADAM MARA was to have exhibited her amazing Powers. This would have been a Death-stroke to the Pigmy Performance in Tottenham-Court Road. How should the Pigmy be saved?—By killing the Giant:—and lo! his Death-warrant hath been signed.—By what Power of the Constitution? None!—Can the *Grand Monarque* do more? *Quicquid delirant Reges, plestuntur Achivi.*

Perchance 'tis MARA's Song that gives offence!

Hinc illæ Lacrymæ!—Oh dear!—oh dear!

The Song that once could charm the R—l Sense,

Delights, alas! no more the Royal Ear.

Gods! can a Guinea deaden ev'ry Note,

And make the Nightingale's, a Raven's Throat!

But let me give His M——y a Hint,

Fresh from my Brain's prolific Mint—

Suppose we *Amateurs* should, in a Fury,

Just take it in our John-Bull Heads to say

(And lo! 'tis very probable we *may*)—

“We *will* have Oratorios at Drury?”

How must he look?—Blank—wonderfully blank;

And think such Speech an Insult on his Rank.

What could he do?—oppose with Ire so hot?

I think His M——y had better *not*!

Kings

Kings should be never in the *wrong**—

They never *are*, some Wife-Acres declare.—

Poh ! such a Speech may do for Birth-day Song ;

But makes us Philosophic People *stare* !

I know a certain Owner of a C—n,

Not quite a hundred Miles from Windsor Town,

Who harbour'd, of his Neighbour, horrid Notions—

A Widow Gentlewoman—who, he said,

Popp'd from her Window ev'ry Day her Head

Impertinent, to watch his Royal Motions.

M

“ What ?

* Yet let us give an Instance of wrong Proceeding.—A certain K—— and Q——, instead of having Concerts at their Palace, in the Style of other Princes, such as the King of France, the Emperor, the Empress of Russia, &c. have entered into a private Subscription for a Concert in a pitiful Street.—They pay their Six Guineas a-piece ; and, what is more extraordinary, get in their Children, as we are told, *gratis* ! What is still more extraordinary, they have entered into a Bond for *borrowing* Two Thousand Pounds for putting the House into a decent Repair ; fit for the Reception of the K—— of the first Empire upon Earth. Of whom has this Money been borrowed ?—Marvelling Reader ! of the poor Musicians Fund !—which Money might have been placed out at a much superior Advantage. Let me add, that the Subscribers order a formal Rehearsal previous to every Concert ; so that, in fact, they get a double Concert for their Money ;—undoubtedly, to the vast Satisfaction of the Fingers of the happy CRAMER, BORGHINI, SHIELD, CERVETTO, &c. who, in this Instance, earn their Money not very unlike the patient and laborious Animal called a *Drayhorse*.

"What? what? (quoth M——y) I'll teach her Eyes
 To take my Motions by Surprise——
 One cannot breakfast, dine, drink Tea, nor sup,
 But, whip! the Woman's Head at once is out,
 To see and hear what we are all about:—
 I'll cure her of that Trick—and block her up."

Mad as His Military GRACE*
 For fortifying ev'ry Place
 From Dockyards to a Necessary House—
 The M——ch dreamt of nothing but the Wall—
 The saucy Spy in Petticoats to maul,
 And make her eagle Pride crawl like a Louse.
 Now Workmen came, with formidable Stones,
 To block up the poor Widow JONES—
 Who mark'd this dread Blockade, and, with a Frown—
 And to the Cause of Freedom true—
 One of the Old Hen's Chicks so blue,
 Fast as the K—— built up, the Dame pull'd down.

'Twas

* Duke of Richmond.

'Twas up—'twas down—'twas up again—'twas down—

Much did the Country with this Battle ring,

Between the valiant Widow and the K——,

That Admiration rais'd in Windfor Town:

The mighty, batt'ling BROUGHTONS and the SLACKS,

Ne'er knew more Money betted on their Backs.

Sing, Heav'nly Muse, how ended this Affray?

Just as it happens, faith, nine Times in ten,

When Dames so spirited engage with Men---

That is---the valiant Widow won the Day.

The K—— could not the Woman maul;

But found himself most shamefully defeated;

Then very wisely he retreated;

And very prudently gave up the Wall.

Now

Now sing, O Muse, the warlike Ammunition
 Us'd by the Dame in her besieg'd Condition,
 That on the Host of vile Invaders flew:
 Say, did no God nor Goddess cry out, Shame!
 And nobly hasten to relieve the Dame
 From such a resolute and hostile Crew?

Yes---NEPTUNE, like her Guardian Angel, kind,
 Join'd the poor WIDOW JONES, and ran up stairs;
 There fiercely caught up certain Earthen Wares,
 And, pleas'd his fav'rite Element to find,
 Bid, on their Heads, the briny Torrents flow,
 And wash'd, like Shags, the Combatants below.

The Goddess CLOACINA too, so hearty,
 Rush'd to the Widow's House, and join'd the Party.
 But say, what Ammunition fill'd her Hand,
 Much Glory for the Widow to acquire,
 To bid the Enemy retire,
 And give to public Scorn the daring Band?

What

What that *strong* Ammunition was, the Bard
 Heard as a Secret---therefore must not tell :
 Nor would he, for a Thousand Pounds Reward,
 To Beaux reveal it, or the sweetest Belle.
 Yet Nature possibly hath made a Snout,
 Blest with Sagacity to smell it out.

Reader, don't stand so, staring like a Calf---
 Thy gaping Attitude provokes my Laugh---
 Thou think'st that Monarchs never can act ill :
 Get thy Head shav'd, poor Fool! and think so still.

Whether thou deem'st my Story false or true,
 I value not a Rush.
 Wilt have another?—"No."—Nay, prithee do.
 "I wo'n't."—Thou shalt, by Heavens! so prithee hush!

But ere I give the Tale, my tuneful Bride,
 MY LADY MUSE, shall talk of Kings and Pride.

Some Kings on Thrones are Children on the Lap—

Children, that all of us see ev'ry Day—

Brats that kick, squall, and quarrel with their Pap,

Tearing and swearing they will have their Way :

And what, too, their great Reputation rifles,

KINGS quarrel, just like Children, about *Trifles*.

Moreover—'tis a terrible Affair

For Kingly Worship to be kick'd by Fellows

Who probably feed half their time on Air,

Mending old Kettles, or old Bellows.

MY LADY PRIDE's a very lofty BEING,

Much pleas'd with People's scraping, bowing, kneeling,

Fruitful in Egotisms, and full of Brags—

HER LADYSHIP in nought can brook Denial ;

And, as for Insult, 'tis a killing Trial,

And more especially from Men of Rags.

For

For PRIDE, such is her Stateliness, alas!
 Rather than feel the Kickings of an *A/s*,
 Would calmly put up with a Leg of *Horse*;
 Though pelting her with fifty times the Force:
 Nay, though her Brains came out upon the Ground,
 Were Brains within her Head-piece to be found.

A KING and a BRICK-MAKER.

A T A L E

A KING, near Pimlico, with Nose and State,
 Did very much a neighbouring Brick-kiln hate,
 Because this Kiln did vomit nasty Smoak;

Which Smoak—I can't say very neatly bred,

Did very often take it in the Head

To blacken the Great House, and try the K— to choak.

His

His sacred Majesty would sputt'ring say,

Upon a windy Day,

" I'll make the Rascal and his Brick-kiln hop—

" P-x take the Smoak—the Sulphur!—Zounds!—

" It forces down my Throat by Pounds—

" My Belly is a down-right Blacksmith's Shop."

One Day, he was fo pester'd by a Cloud—

He could not bear it, and thus bawl'd aloud:

"Go" (rear'd his M—y unto a Page)

Work'd, like a Lion, to a dev'lish Rage,

" Go, tell the Rascal who the Brick-Kiln owns,

" That if he dares to burn another Brick,

" Black all my House like Hell, and make me sick,

" I'll tear his Kiln to Rags, and break his Bones."

Off set the Page, and soon his Errand told:

On which the Brick-maker—a little bold,

Exclaim'd,

Exclaim'd, "He break my Bones, good Master Page!

"He say my Kiln shan't burn another Brick,

"Because it blacks his House, and makes him sick!

"Go—give my Compliments to MASTER'S Rage,

"And say, more Bricks I am resolv'd to burn ;

"And, if the Smoke his Worship's Stomach turn,

"To stop his Royal Mouth and Snout—

"Nay, more, good PAGE—His M——y shall find

"I'll always take th' Advantage of the Wind,

"And, dam'me, try to smoke him out.

This was a dreadful Message to a K——

From a poor ragged Rogue that dealt in Mud :

Yet, though so impudent a Thing,

The Fellow's Rhet'ric could not be withstood.

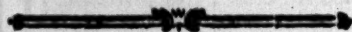
Stiff as against poor HASTINGS, EDMUND BURKE,

This BRICK-MAKER went tooth and nail to work,

O

And

And form'd a true Vesuvius on the Eye:
 The Smoke in pitchy Volumes roll'd along,
 Rush'd through the Royal Dome with Sulphur strong,
 And then ascending darken'd all the Sky.
 Thus did this Cloud of Darkneſs daily ſhade
 The Building for the Lord's Anointed made,
 And blacken'd it, like Palls that grace a Burying:
 Thus was this Man of Mud and Straw employ'd,
 And, at the Thought ſo wicked, overjoy'd,
 Of ſmoking his Liege Sov'reign like a Herring:
 Of ſerving him as we do Parts of Swine,
 Thought, with green Peas, a Diſh extremely fine.
 But lo! this baneful Rogue of Brick
 Fell, for his Sov'REIGN, fortunately ſick,
 And ere the Wretch could pleaſe his Spleen and Pride
 Of turning Monarchs into Bacon——died.



The modern Bard (quoth Tom) sublimely sings
 Of sharp and prudent economic Kings,
 Who Rams, and Ewes, and Lambs, and Bullocks, feed,
 And Pigs of ev'ry sort of Breed :

—Of Kings who pride themselves on fruitful Sows ;
 Who sell skimm'd Milk, and keep a Guard so stout
 To keep the Geese, the thievish Rascals, out,
 That ev'ry Morning us'd to suck the *Cows :

—Of Kings who †Cabbages and Carrots plant
 For such as wholesome Vegetables want ;—
 Who feed, too, Poultry for the People's sake,
 Then send it through the Villages in Carts,
 To cheer (how wondrous kind !) the hungry Hearts
 Of such as *only* pay for what they take.

* Is it possible for this Story to be true? We would rather give it as apocryphal.

† Mr. Warton says in his Ode, "*Who plant the Civic Bay*;"—but he assuredly meant Cabbages and Carrots :—the Fact proves it.

The Poet now, quoth Tom's rare Lucubration,
 Singeth Commercial Treaties—Commutation—
 Taxes on Paint, Pomatum, Milk of Roses,
 Olympian Dew, Gloves, Sticking - Plaster, Hats,
 Quack Medicines for sick Christians, and sound Rats,
 And all that charms our Eyes, or Mouths, or Noses,

The modern Bard, says Tom, sublimely sings
 Of virtuous, gracious, good, uxorious Kings,
 Who love their Wives so constant from their Heart—
 Who down at Windsor daily go a shopping—
 Their Heads so lovely into Houses popping,
 And doing Wonders in the hagling Art.

And why, in God's Name, should not Queens and Kings
 Purchase a Comb, or Corkscrew, Lace for Cloaks,
 Edging for Caps, or Tape for Apron - Strings,
 Or Pins, or Bobbin, cheap as other Folks?

Reader!

Reader! to make thine Eyes with Wonder stare,
Farthings are not beneath the Royal Care!
 Farthings are helpless Children of a Guinea:
 If not well watch'd, they travel to their Cost!
 For, lo! each Copper-vifag'd little Ninney
 Is very apt to stray, and to be lost.

Extravagance I never dar'd defend—
 I'd have a Monarch save a Candle - End;
 Since 'tis an Axiom sure, the more Folks *save*,
 The more, indisputably, they must *have*.
 Crown'd Heads, of *saving* should appear Examples;
 And Britain really boasts two pretty Samples!

The modern Poet sings, quoth Tom again,
 Of sweet Excisemen an obliging Train;
 Who, like our Guardian Angels, watch our Houses,
 And add another civil Obligation
 That addeth greatly to our Reputation—
 Hug, in our Absences, our loving Spouses.

Reader! when tir'd, I'm fond of taking Breath.—

• Now, as thou dost admire the true Sublime,

And, consequently, my immortal Rhyme,

'Tis clear thou never can'st desire my Death:—

Swans, in their Songs, most musically die---

If that's the Case then, Reader, so might *I*,

Let me then join thy Wishes—stay my Rapture,

And nurse my Lungs to sing a second Chapter.

In

[60]

In Continuation.

GRANT me an honest Fame, or grant me none;”

Says POPE (I don't know where), a little Liar;
Who, if he prais'd a Man, 'twas in a Tone.

That made his Praise like Bunches of Sweet-Briar,
Which, whilst a pleasing Fragrance it bestows,
Pops out a pretty Prickle on your Nose.

Were *some* Folks to exclaim, who fill a Throne,

“ Grant me an honest Fame, or grant me none;”
Such PRINCES were upon the forlorn Hope,---

Soon, very soon, to Reputation dead;
Their idle Laureats, faith, might shut up Shop,
And bid their lofty Genius go to bed.

Muse,

Muse, this is all well said; but, not t'offend ye,

I beg you will not cultivate Digression—

Plead not the Poet's *quidlibet audendi*;

For surely there are Limits to th'Expression.

Then cease to wanton thus in Episode,

And tell the World of Mr. WARTON's Ode.

The modern Poet, Laureat Thomas says,

To BOTANY's grand Island tunes his Lays,

Fix'd for the Swains and Damsels of St. Giles,

Whose Knowledge in the *Hocus-Pocus* Art

Bids them from BRITAIN somewhat sudden start,

To teach to southern Climes their Ministerial Wiles:

Improve the Wisdom of the Common Weal,

And teach the simple Natives how to steal

The Picklock Sciences so dark, explain,

And to ingenious Murther turn each Brain.

Quoth

Quoth Tom again—the modern Poet sings
 'Of sweet, good-natur'd, inoffensive Kings;
 Who, by a Miracle, escap'd with Life—
 Escap'd a Damsel's most tremendous Knife;
 A Knife that had been taught, by Toil and Art,
 To pierce the Bowels of a Pye or Tart.

Thus, having giv'n a full Display
 Of what our Laureat says, or meant to say;
 I'll beg of Thomas to instruct my Ears,
 Why, in his Verses, he should call
 The Knights who grac'd the high-arch'd Hall,
 A set of *Bears?

Why the bold steel-clad Knights of elder Days,
 Are not intitled to a little Praise,
 Who for God's Cause did Palace, House, and *High sell*,
 As well as Monarchs of the present Date,
 Whose dear Religion, of which Poets prate,
 Might lodge, without much squeezing, in a Nuthell?

* *Vid.* the Word *Savage* in the Laureat's Ode for the New Year.

“What King hath small Religion?”—thou repliest—

“If G . . . the Th . . . thou meanest—Bard, thou liest.”

Hold, Thomas—not so furious—I know Things

That add not to the Piety of . . .

I’ve seen a K. at Chapel, I declare,

Yawn, gape, laugh in the middle of a Pray’r—

When inwards his sad Optics ought to roll,

To view the dark Condition of his Soul;

Catch up an Opera-Glass with curious Eye,

Forgetting God, some Stranger’s Phiz to spy,

As tho’ desirous to observe, if Heav’n

Had Christian Features to the Visage giv’n;

Then turn (for kind Communication, keen)

And tell some new-found Wonders to the . . .

“Ah! Peter, Peter,” Laureat Thomas cries,

“Thou hast no Fear of KINGS before thy Eyes;

“Great—

“ Great—Little—all, with thee, are equal Jokes,

“ And mighty Monarchs merely common Folks.

“ Ah! wicked, wicked, wicked Peter, know—”

Know what?—“ That Monarchs are not merely *Show* :

“ *Souls* they possess, and on a glorious Scale.”

To this I answer, Thomas, with a *Tale*.

A Duke of Burgundy (I know not *which*)

Thus on a certain time, address'd a Poet—

“ I'm much afraid of that same scribbling Itch—

“ You've Wit—but pray be cautious how you show it ;

“ Say nothing in your Rhymes about a King—

“ If Praise—'tis Lies—if Blame—a dangerous Thing.”

That is, the DUKE believ'd the KING uncivil,

Might kick the saucy Poet to the Devil.

T. W.

PETER, there's Odds 'twixt staring and stark mad,—

P. P.

Who dares deny it? So there is, egad!

T. W.

T. W.

Thou think'st *no Prince*, of Common Sense posselt—

P. P.

Thomas, thou art mistaken, I protest—

On STANISLAUS the Muse could pour her Strain,

Who, dying, sunk a SUN upon Lorraine :

Too, like the parted SUN, with Glory crown'd—

He fill'd with Blushes deep th' Horizon round.

FREDERICK the GREAT, who died the other day,

Had for himself, indeed, a deal to say.

We must not touch upon the KING's *Belief*—

Because (I fear he seldom said his Pray'rs—

Nor dare we say the HERO was no THIEF,

Because he plunder'd ev'ry body's Wares.

I'm told the EMPEROR is vastly wise—

And hope that Madam Fame hath not told Lyes :

Yet

Yet, in his Disputations with the Dutch,
 The MONARCH'S Oratory was not much :
 Full many a Trope from Bayonet and Drum
 He threaten'd—but, behold ! 'twas all a Hum.
 Wise are our gracious Q—'s *superb* Relations,
 The Pride and Envy of the German Nations—
 People of Fashion, Worship, Wealth, and State—
 Lo ! what Demand for them, in Heav'n, of late !
 Lo ! with his Knapfack, ev'n juſt now departed,
 As fine a Soldier, faith, as ever ſtarted—
 Whom Death did almoſt *dread* to lay his *Claws on*—
 Old Captain—what's his Name ? — * SAXEHILBERGHAUSEN :
 For whom (with Zeal, for *Folks of Worſhip*, burning)
 We once again are blacken'd up by Mourning ;
 To ſhow, by Glove, Cloth, Ribband, Crape, and Fan,
 A Peck of Trouble for th'old Gentleman.

R

Good-

• Great Uncle to our moſt gracious Q. He died in the EMPEROR'S Service.

Good-lack-a-daisie then! what Dozens
 Our Q—— hath got of Uncles, Aunts, and Cousins!
 Egad, if thus those Folks continue dying,
 Each Berron doom'd to dismal Black,
 Must always bear a Hearse-like Back,
 And, like HERACLITUS, be always *crying*.

Great is the Northern EMPRESS, I confess!
 Much, in her Humour, like our good QUEEN BESS:
 She keeps her fair Court-Dames from getting *drunk;
 And all so temperate herself, Folks say,
 She scarcely drinks a Dozen Drams a Day;
 And, in *Love-matters*, is a QUEEN of *Spunk*.

And when on Horse-back—lo! with *manly* Pride,
 This brave SEMIRAMIS doth sit *astride*!

Yet like I not such Woman for a Wife—

Such Heroines, in a matrimonial Strife,

Might

* At an Assembly, some Years since, at Petersburg, which was honoured with the EMPRESS's Presence, one of the Rules was, "That no Lady should come *drunk* into the Room."

Might hammer from one's *tender* Head *hard* Notes:

I own my Delicacy is so great,

I cannot in Dispute, with Rapture, meet

Women who look like Men in Petticoats.

Oft in a learn'd Dispute upon a Cap,

By way of *Answer*, one might have a *Slap*—

P'rhaps on a simple Petticoat or Gown---

Nay! possibly on MADAM's being *kiss*!

And really, I would rather be knock'd down

By Weight of Argument, than Weight of *Fist*.

I like not Dames whose Conversation runs

On Battles, Sieges, Mortars and great Guns---

The *milder* BEAUTIES win my soften'd Soul;

Who look for Fashions with desiring Eyes;

Pleas'd when on *Wigs* the Conversations roll;

Cork Rumps, and Merrythoughts, and Lovers' Sighs.

LOVE! when I marry, give me not an Ox---

I hate a WOMAN like a SENTRY-BOX;

Nor can I deem the DAME a charming Creature

Whose hard Face holds an *Oath* in ev'ry Feature.

In Women—Angel-sweetness let me see—
 No galloping Horse-Godmothers for me.
 I own I cannot brook such manly *Belles*
 As MADEMOISELLE D'EONS, and HANNAH SNELLS.
 Yet Men there are, (how strange are LOVE's Decrees!)
 Whom vulgar, coarse JACK-GENTLEWOMEN please.

How diff'rent, SILVIA, from thy Form so fair!
 That triumphs in a Love-inspiring Air;
 Superior beaming ev'n where Thousands shine—
 Thy Form!—where all the tender Graces play,
 That, blushing, seem in ev'ry Smile to say,
 “Behold! we boast an Origin divine!”—

See too the QUEEN OF FRANCE—a Gem, I ween!—
 With rev'rence let me hail that charming Queen,
 Bliss to the King, and Lustre to her Race:

Though VENUS gave of Beauty half her Store,
 And all the GRACES bid a World adore—
 Her smallest Beauties are the Charms of Face.

Heav'ns!

T. W.

Heav'ns ! why *abroad* for Virtues must you roam?

P. P.

Because I cannot find them, Tom, *at Home*.

I beg your Pardon—yes—the PRINCE OF WALES
(Whose Actions smile Contempt on SCANDAL'S Tales)
Ranks in the Muse's Favour, high—

I wish *some Folks*, that I could name with Ease,
Blest with *his* Head—*his* Heart—*his* Pow'rs to please—
Then PITY'S Soul would cease from many a Sigh.

The crouching Courtiers, that surround a Throne,
And learn to speak and grin from ONE alone,
Who watch, like Dancing-Dogs, their Master's Nod---
Are ready now, if Horse-whipp'd from their Places,
At CARLTON-HOUSE to shew their supple Faces,
And call the PRINCE they vilify, a God.

S

Think't

[70]

T. W.

Think'st thou not CÆSAR doth the Arts possess?

P. P.

Arts in Abundance !---Yes, Tom---yes, Tom,---yes !

T. W.

Think'st thou not CÆSAR would each Joy forego,
To make his Children happy ?

P. P.

No, Tom---no.

T. W.

What ! not *one* Bag, to bless a Child, bestow ?---

P. P.

Heav'n help thy Folly !---no, Tom---no, Tom---no !
The fordid Souls that Avarice enslaves,
Would gladly grasp their Guineas in their *Graves* :
Like that old GREEK---a miserable Cur,
Who made himself his own Executor.

A Cat

A Cat is with her Kittens much delighted ;

She licks so lovingly their Mouths and Chins :

At ev'ry Danger, Lord ! how Puss is frightened---

She curls her Back, and swells her Tail, and grins :

Rolls her wild Eyes, and claws the Backs of Curs

Who smell too curious to her Children's Furs.

This happens whilst her Cats are *young*, indeed ;

But when *grown up*, alas ! how chang'd their Luck !

No more she plays at Bo-peep with her Breed,

Lies down, and mewling bids them come and suck.

No more she sports and pats them, frisks and purs ;

Plays with their little Tails, and licks their Furs ;

But when they beg her Blessing and Embraces,

Spits, like a dirty Vixen, in their Faces.

Nay, after making the poor Lambkins fly,

She watches the dear Babes with squinting Eye ;

And if she spies them with a Bit of Meat,

Springs on their Property, and steals their Treat—

No more a tender Love she seems to feel—

The Dev'l, for *her*, may eat 'em at a Meal—

With all *her* Soul—the Jade, so wond'rous faving,

Cries, “Off! You now are at your own Beard-shaving.”

So—to some K——s this Evil doth belong—

Th'Intelligence is good, I make no doubt—

Who really love their Offspring when they're young,

But lose that fond Affection when they're stout;

Far off they send them—nor a Sixpence give—

I wonder, Thomas, where such Mo——hs live!

Should such one, Thomas, come across thy way,

And for thy Flatt'ry, offer Buts of Sack;

Say plainly, that he would disgrace thy Lay;

And turning on him thy Pindaric Back,

Bid, like a Porcupine, thine Anger bristle,

Nor damn thy precious Soul to whet thy Whistle.

C O N C L U S I O N.

THINK not, Friend TOM, I envy thee thy Rhyme,
 By numbers, I assure thee, deem'd sublime ;
 Or that thy Laureat's Place my Spleen provokes :
 The KING (good Man !) and I should never Quarrel,
 E'en though his Royal Wisdom gave the Laurel
 To Mr. TOM-A-STILES or JOHN-A-NOKES.

Old-fashion'd, as if tutor'd in the Ark,
 I never sigh'd for Glory's high Degrees ;
 This very Instant, should our *Grand Monarque*
 Say, " PETER, be my Laureat, if you please,"
 " No, please your Majesty," should be my Answer,
 With sweetest Diffidence and modest Grace :
 " The Office suits a more ingenious Man, Sir ;
 " In God's Name, therefore, let *him* have the Place :
 " Unlike the Poets, 'tis my vast Affliction
 " To be a miserable Hand at *Fiction*.
 " But, Sir, I'll find some Lyric Undertaker,
 " Acrostic, Rebus, or Conundrum-Maker,
 " Who oft hath rode old Pegasus so fiery,
 " And won the Sweepstakes in the LADY'S DIARY."



CONCLUSION

THINK not, friend Tom, I only shed my tears

By numbers, I assure thee, dear old friend,

Or that thy friend's place my speech provokes:

The King's good manly and I should never quarrel

Even though his Royal Will should give the land

To Mr. Tom-a-Stuart or John-a-Norris

Old-fashion'd, as I'm sure in the old

I never fight for glory's high degrees:

This very instant, should our Court be

Say, "Prayer be my laurel, in my praise"

"No, please your Majesty," I should be my answer

With sweetest Distance and most Grace

"The Court shall be more honourable than I"

"In God's name, therefore, let us have the Place"

"Unlike the Poet, for my part I'll

"To be a minister stand at distance"

"But Sir, I'll stand some time in the

"Another, before I'm consigned to the

"Who shall be my successor in the

"And was the only person in the last